

Come by and invest in a package of our
 Assorted Chocolates None but the Best
 of Ice Cream, Cold Drinks
 Cigars, and Tobacco



CAMPUS CONFECTIONERY

W. A. Leigh, Jr., & Company, Proprietors

"IF ITS GOOD WE HAVE IT"

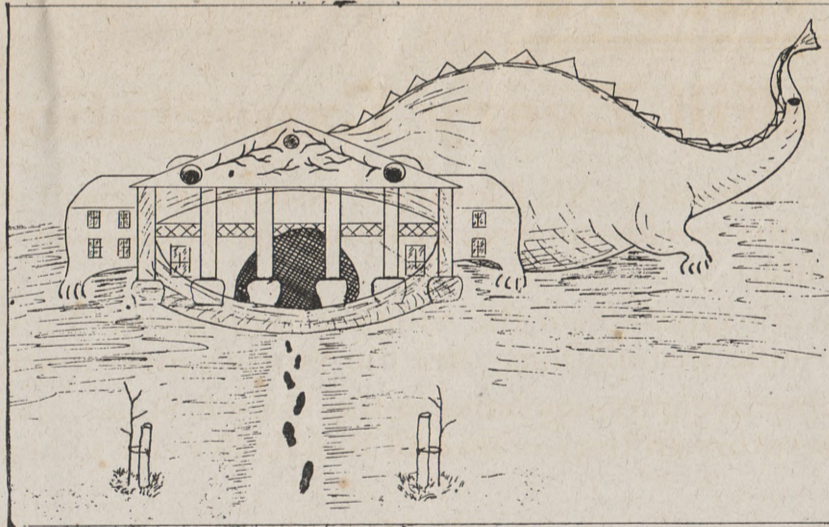
A NARRATIVE OF NAMES.

About thirty years ago a Young foreigner arrived at Ellis Island. He was a poorly dressed Person and had a rather Savage look on his face, which would indicate that he belonged to the lower class of immigrants. Indeed, he was unable to pay the regular fare and had worked his way over as Cole-man for the ship that brought him across the waters.

He wore a pair of Black trousers, a Green tie and a Brown hat, the Crown of which was almost gone. His general appearance might have indicated that he was a loafer or beggar, but if it did it did not reveal his true nature, for as soon as he was admitted to the United States he immediately applied to an employment agency for work. He gave his past occupation as a Mason and said that he would like to follow the same line of business. At that time New York was putting in her system of elevated roads or Overstreets and he got a job laying the foundations for these structures.

The next thing was to find a boarding place and he immediately set out in search for one. Owing to his being a Sengelmann he had but little to care for and was none too particular about his location. Just about this time he met a friend from 'Francisco who had come over to that place three years before, but finding little to do there had come to New York. This friend had been in New York for nearly two years and he soon found his old friend a suitable house. While here he fell in love with the proprietor's daughter, who later became his wife.

His job did not pay him well and after about a month's time he left the company to take up another job his



The Chemnoberos

friend had selected for him. This second job was with the Hudson River Subway (Holloway) Company, where he remained for over four years. He liked this job much better than the first; besides it paid him more. As he never did Gammill, he was able, at the end of the four years, to boast of a large account in a Nashional bank.

But he soon grew tired of the city life; besides he had married during this time and he now longed for the freer, fresher atmosphere of the country. Accordingly at the end of four years he moved out about ten miles from the city to a farm that he had previously selected and partly paid for. This farm was known as the old Smith farm and included about thirty-five or forty acres. The farm had once been a very prosperous one, but the weeds and grass had been allowed to

grow so much that the last man to occupy the place had left without gathering the crop.

The house was surrounded by a rather rude fence and Stiles had served the purpose of gates. The house was situated on top of a small Hill or Knoll-e, and near it stood a large pole at the top of which was fastened a huge Bell, which seemed to have served the purpose of calling the laborers from their work. Near this pole was a much larger and taller one which bore at the top a small Martin box. There were several pieces of scrap iron in the yard. An old double barreled shot Gunn and a few empty Peters cartridges scattered over one of the floors were the only things found in the house.

A barn, which seemed to be in better condition than the house, stood a little way back of the house, and near

it stood several Stacks of hay, dry and Crisp. There was an old well about half-way from the barn to the house, and an old wooden bucket half covered with Moss floated on top of about three feet of water.

This was certainly a desolate place for one to bring his bride of only about six months, but the plans of a future prosperity had long been laid and the couple at once set themselves to the fulfillment of them. The land was found to be excellent for the growing of fruits, and especially was this true of the Cherry. An orchard including about half of the farm was planted the third year and so favorable were the results that Moore land was bought and more trees were planted. This business proved a big success and later led to a fortune.

UNIFORM NO. 5.

How about a uniform No. 5, consisting of a white cap and white shirt, instead of the hot blouse and cap, for dress parades and social functions on these hot, sultry days that are soon to come?

We take it for granted that every cadet possesses a white shirt; so all that would have to be bought would be a white cap. This cap would probably cost \$1.25, and we can see that with this small outlay we can be cool and still look 10 per cent better than formerly. Nothing is prettier than a white uniform. What's the opinion in regard to it?

SIREN CHARM.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard farther than the loudest yell of destiny.